

# ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF



NEWFOUNDLAND



## IN THIS ISSUE:

- "THE GREEN SPOT OF GREEN BAY"
- THE FORGOTTEN ARCTIC AIR STRIP
- PICTURES OF THE SOUTHERN SHORE

NOVEMBER, 1953. VOL. X, NO. 7

TWENTY CENTS



*Guardian*  

---

*Limited.*

CREATIVE PRINTERS  
96 WATER STREET  
ST. JOHN'S  
NEW FOUNDLAND

Printing done by Guardian Limited bears the mark of quality in every respect.

If you are a customer of ours you will know from experience that this is not an idle boast.

If you have not tried the **Guardian** service, why not give us a chance to prove that we mean what we say?

Small jobs and big jobs alike reflect that pride and craftsmanship which makes all **Guardian** printing outstanding.

Maybe you want a new letterhead, something a bit better than the one you are now using? We'll design and produce just what you need — quickly.

If it's a price list, a catalogue, or even a four-color booklet, that you have in mind—the **Guardian** staff and facilities are at your service.

Even when your printing needs are ordinary, **Guardian Limited's** creative touch will make your stationery distinctive.

Prestige printing of the **Guardian** standard costs so little and means so much—to you.

For the best in printing as you want it and when you want it, get in touch with us.

***Guardian Limited***

*Publishers of ATLANTIC GUARDIAN*  
ST. JOHN'S : : NEWFOUNDLAND



# Atlantic Guardian

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

## Contents

VOL. X, NO. 7, NOV., 1953

**EWART YOUNG**  
Editor & Publisher

**BRIAN CAHILL**  
Associate Editor

**ART SCAMMELL**  
**RON POLLETT**  
Contributing Editors

**JOHN MAUNDER**  
A.O.C.A.  
Art Director

Atlantic Guardian is printed and published by Guardian Limited, 96 Water Street, St. John's, Nfld., Canada. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Subscription rates, \$2.00 a year anywhere in the world. Single copies 20c.

### ● GENERAL ARTICLES

King's Point .....	5
By Don Ryan .....	
The Forgotten Air Strip .....	11
By John W. Prow .....	
Voyage in a Square-Rigger .....	25
By Ern Maunder .....	
On Board Coast Ships .....	35
By Shirley S. Smith .....	

### ● PICTORIAL

Up the Southern Shore .....	16-20
-----------------------------	-------

### ● POETRY

Uncle Luke: Newfoundlander .....	9
By William E. Pitcher .....	
Some 60 Years Ago, Joe .....	23
By Chesley J. Rowe .....	

### ● DEPARTMENTS

The Editor's Page .....	3
Squib Jiggin' Ground .....	15
Letters to the Editor .....	21
Reprint of the Month .....	31

Picture Credits: Page 5—Don Ryan; Pages 17, 18, 19, 20—Ewart Young; Page 25—Ern Maunder.

### Atlantic Guardian's Platform

- To make Newfoundland better known at home and abroad;
- To promote trade and travel in the Island;
- To encourage development of the Island's natural resources;
- To foster good relations between Newfoundland and her neighbors.

**Cover Picture:** Third of our new series of A. G. Albums (pages 17 to 20) features the Southern Shore and is introduced by this "cover shot" of Cape Broyle. Artist Charles Hilder of Montreal also visited this area during the past summer and some of his photographic art will be reproduced in a later issue. (Photo by the Editor).

# Newfoundland Markets

West End Branch  
1534 Dupont St.  
TORONTO, ONT.  
Phone MU-3331

East End Branch  
819 Pape Ave.  
TORONTO, ONT.  
Phone GL-3331

## FOR A NEWFOUNDLAND MEAL AWAY FROM HOME

Cod Tongues

Salt Cod

Pickled Turbot

Pickled Salmon

Salt Caplin

ALL  
NEWFOUNDLAND

BISCUITS

FRESH COD

FRESH SALMON

Fresh Frozen Caplin

Smoked Caplin

Pickled Beef

Barrelled Molasses

Hard Bread

Sweet Bread

ORDERS SHIPPED ANYWHERE IN  
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES



Produced by Job Bros. and Co., Ltd., one of the oldest firms in Newfoundland. Hubay quick frozen fillets are becoming more and more well-known in North America. Newfoundland fish caught in the crystal-clear waters of the North Atlantic, packed and frozen by the quick-freeze method is indeed Seafood par excellence.



**JOB BROTHERS**

and Company Ltd.

St. John's

Established in 1780

## • *Newfoundland at a Glance*

A REMARKABLE little booklet is issued annually under the above title by the Tourist Development and Provincial Information Division of the Department of Economic Development. It is put out primarily for distribution at the International Trade Fair at Toronto but serves as a useful mailing piece for information seekers throughout the year.

There is a wealth of material in the current edition which reflects the tremendous economic gains made by Newfoundland in the last few years.

In the Fresh Frozen Fish Industry, for example, fillet production in 1952 totalled 36,000,000 pounds, as compared with 12,500,000 pounds in 1947. Over the same period wages paid in this industry increased from \$750,000 to \$3,500,000.

Newfoundlanders working on the railroad in 1948 earned a total of \$7,000,000. In 1952 the railway employees wage bill was \$13,400,000.

In 1952, 31,000 aircraft passengers landed in Newfoundland and 28,000 passengers left Newfoundland by air. In 1950 the respective figures were 19,000 and 18,000. (These totals do not include international aircraft landings or departures at Gander airport.)

Life insurance sales in the Province zoomed to a record total of \$12,000,000 in 1952, as compared with \$8,250,000 in 1949. Families with electric lights had almost doubled in the four years, and the number of telephones in use had increased by well over 6,000.

In 1948, one family in 16 owned a motor car; in 1952, one family in five was driving its own automobile. (More than 15,000 cars were registered in the Province in 1952—against just over 9,000 in 1949).

Perhaps most significant of all are the population figures graphically recorded in *Newfoundland at a Glance*. In 1921, census returns showed a total population of 263,033. Thirty years later, despite all the talk of "ghost towns" and "boarded-up" houses, the population of the Province stood at 387,416 a gain of more than 100,000.

There are many other signs of the very real progress that is being made in Newfoundland. For instance, there is the local daily newspaper (Evening Telegram) that produces issues of more than 100 pages on weekends; the Supermarket (Ayre's) that has recently opened a second store in St. John's on a level with anything on the mainland, and the four-engined T.C.A. plane that arrives at Torbay (St. John's) and departs from there along with two other smaller passenger aircraft, daily.

*Newfoundland at a Glance* is certainly a good show-window for the newest Province of Canada at Trade Fairs and on other outstanding occasions, reflecting as it does substantial improvements in our business and living standards.

Guardian Limited,  
St. John's, Nfld.,

I enclose \$2.00. Please send me "Atlantic Guardian"  
for one year.

Signed .....

Address .....



Our staff of experienced  
Designers, Engravers and  
Lithographers will gladly  
relieve you of all worry.

**BEFORE** you feel the  
next headache coming on  
give us a call. Our medi-  
cine chest of "know-how"  
contains many remedies  
and sure cures.

THE HOME OF  
SCOTIA GRAPHIC

**EASTERN PHOTO ENGRAVERS LTD.**  
50 BUCKINGHAM STREET · HALIFAX · NOVA SCOTIA



**Gold's Ltd.**

212 Duckworth St. St. John's Dial 7421

**"MONEY TALKS" BUT NOT WITH US**  
Your Credit is Good Here

We specialize in made-to-measure "Gardner" MEN'S CLOTHES.  
Clothing for the entire family. Also, Jewellery, Toys, Footwear,  
Electrical Appliances.

WALK IN PLEASE ——— WALK OUT PLEASED

# King's Point



## *The Green Spot of Green Bay*

By DON RYAN

**K**ING'S point is the most verdant spot of Green Bay and one of the most prosperous villages around our coast.

The little agricultural village is located at the very bottom of the Bay, on a sloping shoreline that's densely wooded with fir and spruce.

Growth is luxuriant because of the excellent soil in this region. According to experts, it is rated among the best soils found in Newfoundland and is as fertile as those found elsewhere in the Dominion.

It's a glacial deposit of fine clay that contains all the minerals necessary for healthy crop growth. This deposit was generously laid down in eons past and farmers at King's

Point are now reaping the harvests of crop and forest which it has provided abundantly.

The soil is practically free of boulders in most places and ploughing is an easy task. Once the trees are cut and the stumps removed, the soil is ready for ploughing. So thick is the soil in places that rock bottom hasn't been reached.

Farmers grow fine lush crops in their abundant soil. W. E. Yate and Allan Noble have gone full time in the crop raising business and many others grow crops far in excess of their household needs.

The surplus crops are sold at Baie Verte and other coastal settlements in Notre Dame Bay. It is es



timated that between 20 and 25 thousand dollars worth of produce are sold annually.

Tied in with farming is logging. King's Point is as busy a logging centre as it is a farming settlement. It is ideally located for saw milling, as the forest hems in the village with prime stands extending back a short distance. The saw mills are set up along the shore.

Unlike other villages in Green Bay, King's Point has no fishing premises along its water front. Full time fishing is not carried on. Last year only one family was engaged at the cod and fished off the Cape Shore.

But cod fish are not absent from the waters. Just a few yards off-shore the water is from 30 to 50 fathoms deep and abounding with cod. Residents take their little row boats, push off within easy calling distance of the shore and jig all the cod they want for their daily requirements as well as for their winter supply.

Salmon and herring, too, are caught just off shore. The herring fishery has now waned and the few

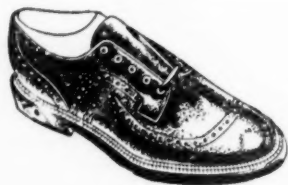
factories which processed the pickled and kippered fish are no longer standing. But salmon still lurk in the Bay and are caught even in August.

But there are no inland salmon. This is due to the lack of suitable streams for spawning.

King's Point today has a population around 300 and the number is increasing. Fisherfolk from points farther down the shore are moving inland and settling. The influx of people to this "Arcadian" spot is due to the unavailability of near land, most of which is tied up in old grants.

A big factor, which will influence the migrating of new neighbours, is the highroad that will by next fall link the settlement with Springdale, fifteen miles away. This road will bring numerous vacationists, visitors, and tourists into the area; and their visits will be abundantly rewarded with the most soul-satisfying scenery in Green Bay, plenty of cod-jigging sport and pleasant boating, and above all with the warm friendship and hospitality of a friendly folk.

The little village, the green spot of Green Bay, has been inhabited for nearly three-quarters of a century. Its first settler was a bachelor trapper from Gander Bay. He landed his sail row boat on a low sandy wooded point and there built himself a tilt where he lived the life of a hermit trapper until he was later joined by friends from Gander Bay—Gillinghams and Coombs. He was known as Jimmy King, and the point on which he settled, called King's Point, is now the name of the village around it.



### JOHN WHITE

FAMOUS ENGLISH SHOES  
More John White's are sold in the  
British Commonwealth than any  
other make of men's shoes.

**PARKER & MONROE LTD.**





## **ATLANTIC GUARDIAN**

**IS THE IDEAL  
NEWFOUNDLAND  
CHRISTMAS GIFT!**

### *at Home*

Your friends will be delighted when their first issue of this attractive all-Newfoundland magazine arrives at Christmas, and each month throughout the year they will thank you for sending them ATLANTIC GUARDIAN, the "Home" magazine.

### *and Abroad*

Friends and relatives in all parts of the world will be pleased with the photographs, the scenic views, folklore and stories of their beloved homeland.



This beautiful Christmas Card will be sent out by us to arrive just before Christmas, signed as you direct. But give us time.

Make all your friends happy this year with the gift they will like best of all — Atlantic Guardian, the Magazine of Newfoundland.

Use the SPECIAL GIFT COUPON (overleaf).

# ATLANTIC GUARDIAN'S

**SPECIAL**

**CHRISTMAS**

**OFFER**

**5 GIFT**

**SUBSCRIPTIONS**

**FOR \$7**

SEND THEM TO YOUR

FRIENDS

**AT HOME**

**AND ABROAD**

Be sure to send in  
your Gift orders  
early to be sure  
of delivery by  
Christmas.

MAIL WITH

REMITTANCE TO

**ATLANTIC GUARDIAN**

**96 Water St.,**

**. St. John's, Nfld.**

## CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

1 subscription	\$2.00	4 subscriptions	\$6.50
2 subscriptions	\$3.50	<b>5 subscriptions</b>	<b>\$7.00</b>
3 subscriptions	\$5.00	Over 5, each	\$1.50

Your own subscription, new or renewal, may be included. All rates based on one-year subscriptions.

### ENTER YOUR GIFT SUBSCRIPTION HERE

Name .....

Address .....

New ☐

Gift Card from ..... Renewal ☐

Name .....

Address .....

New ☐

Gift Card from ..... Renewal ☐

Name .....

Address .....

New ☐

Gift Card from ..... Renewal ☐

Name .....

Address .....

New ☐

Gift Card from ..... Renewal ☐

Name .....

Address .....

New ☐

Gift Card from ..... Renewal ☐

Donor's Name .....

and Address .....

## Uncle Luke: Newfoundlander

Old "Uncle" Luke—by "old" I would impute  
The wisdom of his years and here refute  
All that surrounds the word senility;  
For tho', no more, the youth's agility  
And supple sinew can he claim his own,  
Alacrity of spirit yet is shown:  
Nor does he lack an expeditious limb,  
As verified by all who've walked with him.  
In statute and in life he is erect,  
And length of years one never would detect  
By any lapse of memory or mind,  
Or trait to inactivity resigned.

The artistry of time has left its trace  
In symmetry of line about the face,  
And weather has contributed in part  
With finely chiselled seams of graphic art.  
Long eyes of meditation, too, have wrought  
The parallels profound of sober thought,  
Which form, when pensive reverie allows,  
One sweeping drift of white o'er hanging brows.  
About his mouth a gentle web is knit  
As subtle indication of his wit,  
And clustered at the eye are further hints  
Where merry crows have left their jolly prints.  
Which he, with pride, from early youth has reared,  
A clarity of conscience, quiet, serene.  
It is an eye transparent and a guide  
To wit expanding, for no skill can hide  
The embryo existence of a quip  
Which lights the pupil ere it moves his lip—  
An organ well eclipsed to better scan  
Horizons both of ocean and of man.

His head uncovered (which indeed is rare)  
Shows scattered strands of white unruly hair  
Where remnants of a once assertive shock  
Maintain their independence to a lock.

Beneath his old cloth cap, now well conformed,  
To what it long has sheltered, graced and warmed,  
A close cropped facial foliage of beard,  
Which he, with pride, from early youth has reared,

Sweeps in a crescent from beneath his chin  
To meet his cap—and baulk—then slip within.  
Altho' a lighter shade it has assumed  
Still fondly is it stroked and proudly groomed,  
And often scratched to stimulate that link  
Twixt mind and beard, that he may deeper think.  
It forms a frame wherein a painter's skill  
Has captured well a concept of good-will

His clothing is as constant as his mien,  
And never, but for Sunday, can be seen  
An evidence that "Uncle" does aspire  
To semblance of more elegant attire.  
His habit, long the type by custom worn,  
Is styled for service more than to adorn.  
Thrust into rubber boots below the knees  
He wears a set of faded dungarees,  
Which, long ago, had set within the straps  
(As guarantee of prestige) metal snaps.  
Tho' "Uncle" of his snaps was long deprived  
The "prestige", named above, has yet survived,  
For his resourcefulness does never fail  
And either strap is "toggled" with a nail.  
Nor does he show of foresight any lack  
In that he dons his guiney front to back  
Thus, with the warm protection 'neath his chin  
The "V" behind is gathered with a pin,  
And, head environed by a goodly fold,  
He beams upon a world good to behold.

Old "Uncle" Luke—and blest by that same age—  
The friend of young and old—the outport sage—  
A council ever welcomed with esteem—  
Where justice hangs in doubt—the "Court Supreme"  
A virile heart—by men admired for such—  
A loving heart conveyed within his touch—  
A scholar, with the Heavens for a scroll—  
A theologian, tutored from the soul—  
A gentleman, (with accent on each word),  
Who bears with dignity this rank conferred—  
The title "Uncle"—highest we bestow:—  
Here's "Uncle" Luke, I'd have you all to know!

—WILLIAM E. PITCHER.

Toronto, Ont.

# ***The Forgotten Air Strip***

## **A TRAGEDY OF THE ARCTIC**

**By JOHN W. PROW**

**D**URING World War II Allied planes shuttling between Europe and America used Bluie West One on the Southern tip of Greenland. Bluie West One was a field near the Great Circle route and many planes refuelled there.

One stormy night when no aircraft were reported and all planes were grounded, a plane that had taken off in England earlier suddenly broke the radio silence.

The pilot came in loud and clear: "This is Army 0864, request landing instruction!" The base operator told the pilot that Bluie West One was socked in, and that landing would be hazardous. A position fix showed that the Army bomber was too far North anyway. "Can you proceed to Goose Bay?" the operator asked the pilot. "Yep, we can make it!" was the confident reply.

Soon the lonely bomber was over Davis Strait and asking for landing instructions in Labrador. Bluie West One received one more position report from Army 0864. Then the signals faded and that was the last heard from the plane.

Next day Goose Bay reported that the Army bomber had not arrived and was now overdue. Bluie West One organized rescue planes and these scanned the icecap, flew over the desolate Davis Strait, searched stretches of Labrador—fruitlessly.

From Goose Bay search planes took off too. They found no sign of the missing aircraft. The plane must have gone down over the Arctic sea, leaving no trace.

For many years the tragic incident remained buried in the Air Force files in Washington.

\* \* \*

A year or so ago rebuilding of some of the World War II airfields in the Arctic was begun. Radio and radar sites appeared. Military planes roared again over the frozen wilderness.

One day an aircraft landed on a long-deserted, rough airstrip in Labrador. When it came in for a landing the crew noticed that another plane was already parked on the runway. For a fleeting moment the airmen thought that there had been a mix-up.

After the plane rolled to a stop, crewmen dashed across the field to the lonely aircraft. It was a World War II type—a bomber. The engines seemed to be intact, but there was a heavy crust of ice on the wings, the fuselage, and the propellers. The last four numbers on the rudder read: 0864!

The horrified veterans of World War II Arctic Service recalled that ghastly winter night in Greenland years ago, remembered the voice of pilot, the final position report, the storm, and then the fruitless search. It was as though it had happened only the night before.

When they came close they saw the navigator in the nose of the parked plane. He was staring at them from a hollow cheeked face, bearded, immobile.

The belated rescuers had to crack the access doors open as they were frozen tight. Inside the plane there was snow and ice. They found the bodies of the crew huddled together, hollow cheeked bundles of cloth and bone. The navigator still held a pencil in his stiff fingers. In his lap they found a log-book.

Frozen hands held that log and many pages were covered with writing. The yellowed sheets dated back to the day when Blue West One had received the signals of the bomber.

\* \* \*

The first pages of the log were written in a steady and clear hand. As the days and weeks passed the writing grew thinner and toward the end it became almost illegible. The log had been kept for fifty-one days.

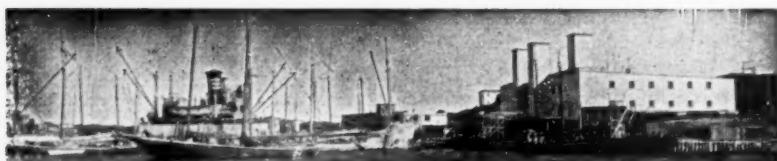
The bomber had flown West

and the fuel began to run low. They could not make it to Goose Bay! Icebergs, growlers, and slush ice floated below. The sea seemed leaden and forbidding. The radio ceased to function. But there was hope. The coast of Labrador loomed ahead and the navigator found on his chart that there was a temporary landing strip on the Northern coast. They could make it! They would make it!

A faint hue of orange showed in the South-east. The snow made recognition of landmarks difficult—but there it was: The landing-strip!

The plane glided in for a landing. Flaps out, the wheels touched. The air-strip held the weight and smoothly the bomber came to a stop. The crew were jubilant—they had made it! There would be help soon!

They divided the food. There was little of it, but that did not matter. This was a landing-strip, built by human beings, by friends—there was bound to be another



## FISHERMEN'S UNION TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office and Distributing Depot at Port Union, Newfoundland

Incorporated in 1911. — Branches along the  
North East coast from Port Rexton to LaScie

● Importers of Dry  
Goods, Hardware  
Provisions, Fishery  
Salt, Coal, etc.



● Exporters of Salted  
Hard Dried and Labrador  
Cure Codfish, Pickled Sal-  
mon and Herring. Berries.

plane. They were off the beaten track, to be sure, but there was so much traffic further South. A plane just had to come by!

The crew of the stranded bomber decided to stay with the plane. When help came the aircraft would be spotted more easily than a small and insignificant human being. There was a rise ahead and bare rocks at the left and right gave the landscape a sinister and gloomy appearance. There were no trees or shrubs. It was still a few months 'til spring.

During the first few days they waited patiently. There would be a plane. They were long overdue now. Search planes would take off to look for them. They had to be found! Was it not logical to land on a landing strip?

On the fourth day they heard the noise of aircraft. They brought out flares and fired them. But the noise overhead grew fainter and then disappeared. The silence of the Arctic surrounded them again. There was still hope. The disappointment almost broke their hearts. The coldness became more pronounced. Another can of food was opened—another day passed.

The coldness became grim. They huddled together in the interior of the bomber. The instruments had long since given out. The batteries were dead. But they were on a landing-strip! There had to be a plane that would land and bring help. They did not go anywhere for fear that they might miss the one plane that would come by and take them away from this misery. One of them went to the coast which was not far. He found drift-

wood and they kindled a fire. Warmth crept through their bodies and the prospects of survival brightened momentarily.

They thought about home, remote land of promise far beyond the icy hills and naked shores. Deep in the Northern nights they gazed at the stars and listened for the noise of an airplane that would come and rescue them. Other noises of aircraft were heard—but they had no more flares to shoot.

The food ran low and wolves began to howl perceptibly closer.





There had to be another plane! The Canadians would come—or another American plane. The days became longer. The sun stayed out for many hours now, but the strength of the men ebbed away.

For a full month they had waited and hoped and prayed and scanned the skies. Thirty days! The food was gone and even the lemmings they had caught had been hungrily devoured. They had eaten snow—but their thirst had increased. Their beards grew longer and they felt unkempt and weary—ever so weary. Yet, this was a landing-strip, built for aircraft, there had to be a plane. They had to go on and hope and pray!

Ice began to break all around. The days were as long as the nights. Dreary land all around—a rise ahead—the coast there. The sky was leaden, heavy. The cold bit through the flyers' clothing and the wind tore at their frail figures. They stayed in the plane now as

the strength left them and they were afraid that they would be unable to climb back into the shelter of the cold plane. There lay the only hope—they had to be spotted. Another aircraft would come by.

The days passed imperceptibly now. It was a horrid land of ice, snow, and rocks. There were wolves outside, their howling filled the Arctic nights. The navigator made entries into the log. Just a sentence a day. Thinking was difficult—an effort. The cold and loneliness seemed overwhelming. It required strength to write—too much strength. What was the use? Would a plane come in time?

The Arctic became restless. The first signs of the spring debacle became apparent. Ice cracked. Clear skies showed the brilliance of stars—they were so close, so near.

The stars twinkled over eternity. There was no more writing after the 51st day of their landing. No plane had come! Wolves howled. Foxes circled the bomber. Ice began to break. The sun rose higher. The first scant flowers appeared. The short Arctic spring was here! The bomber crew did not see the gorgeous spectacle of sunsets and sunrises, nor did they see the tides of the sea. From empty eyes they gazed through the plastic windows of the combat craft. The pencil and the log lay in frozen hands.

\* \* \*

The Arctic had given up another grim secret, and with it an ironic footnote: Behind the rise of the landing strip, about two miles from the crest, was an Eskimo village. In the spring the Eskimos had found the plane—too late.



Trade Supplied by  
**R. J. COLEMAN LTD.**  
DIAL 2415  
Office—248 Duckworth Street



### ● Gavel With a Message

Newfoundland got a great deal of publicity last month with the presentation to the Canadian Good Roads Association by Hon. E. S. Spencer, then President of the C.G.R.A., of a gavel made from local birch. The occasion was the 34th annual convention of the Association, held at Victoria, B.C., and was commemorated by the following wording carried on the gavel-head: "One Nation Indivisible—St. John's to Victoria."

\* \* \*

### ● The Things You See . . .

"By the side of the road, feeding quietly until they spied the car, were a cow moose and a calf. Without panic, but swiftly and silently, they disappeared into the woods." Thus wrote a retired correspondent of the St. John's Daily News, now residing at Glenwood, near the great Gander Airport. Had the newspaperman been from any of the world centers east or west of "the crossroads of the world," no doubt the moose episode would have been reported below two-inch headlines around the earth.

\* \* \*

### ● Slip of The Type

From the Port Rexton notes of a recent edition of The Evening Telegram: "All traffic over the road from Port Rexton to Champneys has been suspended for a few days while the Beach Bride is being replaced."

### ● A Newfie is Always There

Lost for 37 days in the northern Quebec wilderness this autumn, seven gaunt and disheveled men—survivors of the forced landing of a Norseman aircraft in which they were travelling back to civilization—were found and rescued by an R.C.A.F. Lancaster—search plane piloted by Sqn. Ldr. Jack Woods of St. John's, Nfld.

\* \* \*

### ● "End to Years of Hardship"

A glowing story under the above heading, complete with full-color illustration, appeared in the October 17th issue of The Toronto Star Weekly. Written by Beland Honderich, the article predicted "a bright and fair land for all the toilers of the deep as a vast rehabilitation plan gets under way to make Newfoundland's fisheries stand upon their own feet."

Excerpt from the September issue of The Newfoundland Fisherman: "The condition of us fishermen here at St. Joseph's is no good unless we get as much for our fish as last year. With articles so expensive and salt an outrageous price, it seems as if we don't get the price for our fish we won't cover our bills. We will have to put our fishing gear in the stores for ever." JOHN BROWN, St. Joseph's, P.B.

"Between the Newfoundland Government and the Canadian Government you fishermen have strong friends, and I want you to keep your Fishermen's Federation good and strong, also.—PREMIER J. R. SMALLWOOD.

**PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT TO ADVANCE FISHERMEN \$1.50 A QUINTAL.**—Newspaper Headline.

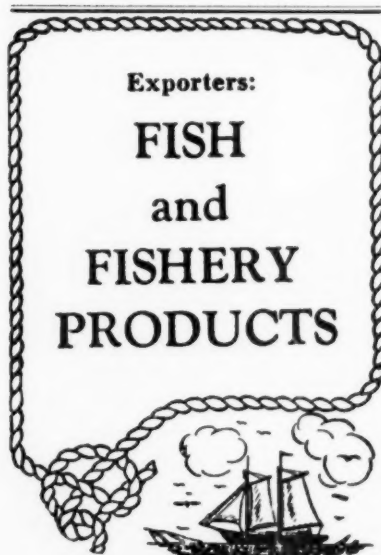
*Canada's First Bank*



*working with Canadians in  
every walk of life  
since 1817*

## **BANK OF MONTREAL**

There are 12 B of M Offices in  
Newfoundland to serve you



**CROSBIE & CO. LTD.**

WATER ST.

ST. JOHN'S

## A. G. ALBUMS

# Up the Southern Shore

Places pictured  
on following pages  
include Renew's of  
"Mass Rock" fame;  
La Manche, the artist's  
delight; Ferryland, site  
of Lord Baltimore's  
pioneer colony—and  
other spots along the  
Southern Shore where  
beauty is at its best;  
also a road straighter  
than most Newfound-  
land highways  
because it was formerly  
a railroad track.

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

- 1 Southern Shore  
Road
- 2 North West River  
—Trepassey
- 3 Le Manche
- 4 Le Manche
- 5 Mobile
- 6 Grotte, Renews
- 7 Cape Broyle
- 8 Ferryland



2



3



4







7



8





## Letters to The Editor

Editor, Atlantic Guardian:

Many thanks for the July *Atlantic Guardian* with Brian Cahill's write-up on Newfoundland's John Cabot Day ceremony which took place in Montreal at the John Cabot statue in Atwater Park on June 24, 1953, the birthday of the new province of Canada.

I also liked the September *Atlantic Guardian* with an article by Michael P. Murphy on *Renews* with reference to the Jackmans. Our family came there as early as 1633, and with memories of old records and early visits I made to *Renews* fresh in my mind, I fully enjoyed his articles.

I wish you every success with *Atlantic Guardian*. Newfoundland badly needs the kind of publicity you and Brian Cahill are giving it.

Some day I hope to see a Newfoundland centre arise—which will be a living link between our Newfoundlanders here and those coming here to University, hospital training, business or later tourist interest in the new Newfoundland.

I wish I was young enough to take a privileged and active part in building up the new Province. I feel every Newfoundlander should stay home and believe they will do just as well there if all combine in the future for the general welfare.

I. J. JACKMAN, M.D.  
Montreal. P.Q.

Editor, Atlantic Guardian:

I can't begin to tell you what an improvement the new pictorial section has made in the *Atlantic Guardian*.

When *Saturday Night* eliminated this section, its quality fell off almost to the vanishing point.

R. KEITH MacDONALD, M.D.  
Toronto, Ont.

Editor, Atlantic Guardian:

I just want to tell you how very wonderful the pictures of Burin and district are. The September issue of the *Guardian* is of unusual interest, not only to Mrs. Patten and myself, but I feel sure to many thousands of Newfoundlanders in many parts of Canada (Upper Canada that is) as well as the United States. You are doing a very excellent job of publicity, and that from the angle of allowing people to see again the places that are so close to their hearts—their *place of birth*.

When I was a boy at Grand Bank my grandfather, Mr. John Forsey, being a bit of a farmer as well as a fisherman, had a herd of cows. It was my job after school during the summer months to go inland, where the cows were grazing (we found them by the tinkling of their bells) and bring them back to grandfather's barn for milking. For that summer's job I was paid fifty cents a month—what a thrill when pay day came around at the end of the summer. One year grandfather promised me a bonus if the cows were delivered, safe and sound, for milking, each day of the week. Well, Mr. Editor, you may not believe it, but at the end of the summer grandfather called me in to pay me, and what do you suppose the bonus amounted to? *A Jew's Harp and an apple!*

Mrs. Patten and I are hoping that one of these fine days we will be able to report that we are on our way

## THE COLONIAL CORDAGE CO., LIMITED

St. John's, Newfoundland

Established 1882

Cordage, White and  
Tarred Banking Cables,  
Hemp and Commercial  
Bolt Rope, White and  
Tarred Cotton Lines,

Cotton Seine, Twine,  
Herring Nets and Netting,  
Wrapping Twines,  
Oakum, Cutch.  
Wholesale only.



# *Here's a Career!*

Yes, sir! A career that offers  
adventure, training and security  
to every young man of  
seventeen or over.

Why not investigate today?

For a life of comradeship and security

Join the Canadian Army Active Force **NOW!**

APPLY

**CANADIAN ARMY (ACTIVE) RECRUITING OFFICER**

**BUCKMASTER'S FIELD**

:

:

**ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.**

back to Grand Bank and Fortune, the latter being the birthplace of my wife, and when that time comes, and we are already talking about it, we will relive the memories of our youth which were so happy, and free from care.

ED. PATTEN.

Toronto, Ont.

Editor, Atlantic Guardian:

I love to get your magazine, although it makes me sad.

It brings back memories of long ago, when I was just a lad—

When I strolled along the river banks, and climbed the mountain side.

Or hunted for clams or mussels at the ebbing of the tide.

When I climbed the rigging of a ship and stood on the yard arm,

With no thought of fear or falling, nor suffering any harm.

When the sealers had arrived, I scudded down the quay

To eat their pork and duff at noon, and wile the time away.

For a visit home my heart does yearn—to look the old place o'er.

So I will pack my grip and take a trip to Terra Nova's shore.

LARRY BOLT.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Editor, Atlantic Guardian:

I am sending along a bit of poetry (Some Sixty Years Ago, Joe) which I've tried to compose myself, after a lot of hard thinking based upon some poetry which I heard many years ago, when a boy. I shall be glad if you'll publish same in your magazine in the near future. The "Joe" I'm referring to, naturally, is your distinguished Prime Minister, The Hon. J. R. Smallwood, a man of action, and for whom I have the greatest admiration.

CHESLEY J. ROWE.

Toronto, Ont.

## Some 60 Years Ago, Joe

How wondrous are the changes, Joe,

Since sixty years ago,

When girls wore woollen dresses

And boys wore pants of tow;

When shoes were made of cow-hide,  
Joe,

And frocks of homespun wool,

And children did a half-day's work,

Before they went to school.

And girls took music lessons, Joe,

Upon the spinning-wheel

And practiced late and early,

On spindle, swift, and reel,

And boys lugged wood from the hill,  
Joe,

A couple miles or so,

And hurried off, before 'twas day,

Some sixty years ago.

When people rode to meetings, Joe,,

In sleds, instead of sleighs,

\*And wagons not as comfy then,

As autos are today,

And skiffs propelled with oar and sail,  
Joe,

Though now, they'd be too slow

For people lived not half so fast

Just sixty years ago.

How well do I remember, Joe,

The good old days of old,

The stove, father bought and paid for

With furs he snared and sold,

And how the neighbors wondered, Joe,

Just what it was, and so,

They said "twould burn us all to death,"

Just sixty years ago.

But everything is different, Joe,

From what it used to be,

For men are always meddling,

With God's own mysteries,

And say, what are we coming to, Joe,

Does anybody know?

For everything is changed so much,

Since sixty years ago.

ANNOUNCING FOR PUBLICATION IN DECEMBER, 1953

NEW FOUNDLAND

# YEAR BOOK

AND

B U S I N E S S

D I R E C T O R Y

1954

---

## OVER 200 PAGES

HERE IS A PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

- **POPULATION** . . . Complete Census figures for every settlement.
- **STATISTICS** . . . . Covering Trade, Employment, etc.
- **GOVERNMENT** . . . Departmental Personnel, Provincial and Federal.
- **PROFESSIONAL** . . . Medical, Dental and Legal Registers.
- **TRANSPORTATION** Steamship, Rail and Air Services.
- **POSTAL** . . . . . Householder Lists for every place.
- **MANUFACTURING** Plants and Their Products.
- **REGULATIONS** . . . Game Laws, Customs, Liquor, etc.
- **RELIGION** . . . . . Churches and Clergy of all Denominations.
- **GENERAL** . . . . . Associations, Clubs, Town Councils, etc.

**PLUS** A CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY OF ALL BUSINESS FIRMS  
IN THE ISLAND.

**\$5.00 PER COPY**

---

**ORDER NOW — TO BE SURE OF YOUR COPY**

Published by

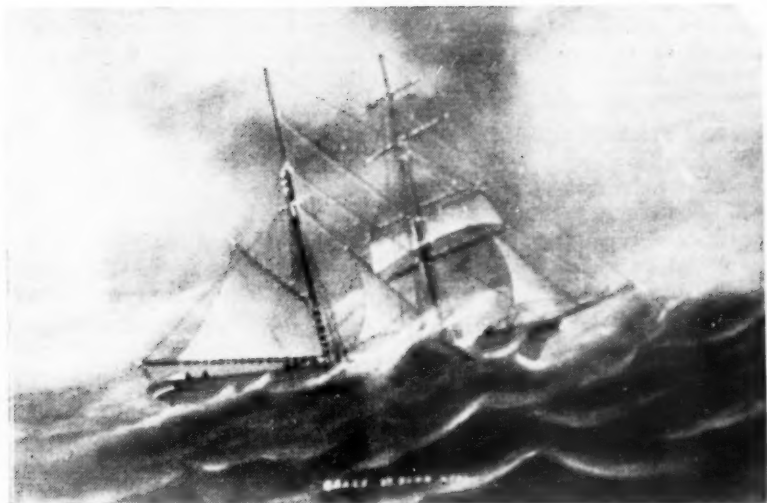
**GUARDIAN LIMITED**

96 WATER STREET

ST. JOHN'S : NEWFOUNDLAND

(ADVERTISING CIRCULAR ON REQUEST)

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



## ***Voyage In a Square-Rigger***

By ERN MAUNDER

**L**ET me tell you about a voyage I had in an old square-rigger, back in 1907.

I was 18 years of age and, like most of the boys of that era, had made the waterfront a playground. Therefore, we were more or less familiar with those beautiful square-rigged ships which were in and out of St. John's from ports in the Mediterranean, Carribean and Brazil; out with dry fish in bulk or in drums or 4-quintal casks and back with cargoes of salt and wine, molasses or sand ballast from Brazilian ports such as Pernambuco, Bahia, Santos, etc. I left the wharf of Messrs. Alan Goodridge & Son with my sea bag containing my clothes and together with the crew rowed off to where our ship was anchored. The crew were as usual half seas

over, having spent a gay time in the various pubs which then abounded on Water Street, spending their month's advance money.

Arriving on board we proceeded to get the anchor up, using Armstrong's Patent (our arms) on the old-fashioned wooden windlass, up and down on the levers, to the tune of the old shanties, never heard now, "Sally Brown" and the beautiful, haunting "Shenandoah." Our ship was the brigantine *Grace*, 147 tons, 97-3 long, 23-3 wide, 11-1 deep, built 1883 in England, under Captain Giles. The tug was the old *John Green*. She towed us well off Cape Spear and as we moved along the sails were set, one by one, to a spanking breeze off the Cape. The tug left us and we were on our own. Under the fresh air and

hard work the crew sobered up. Watches, port and starboard, were set and the voyage began. Departure was set from Cape Spear.

I had been aloft but terribly sea sick and had to be helped down the rigging to the deck. I was leaning over the rail, as miserable as one could be, when our old cook came along (our crew all told was 8). In one hand he had a mug of salt sea water and in the other, impaled on a fork, was a big lump of raw salt pork. He said, "Young fella, drink this, or eat that and you will never be sick again." I drank the sea water and promptly lost it, and another, and from that day to this, I have never been sea sick or air sick. I was put in the galley to help the cook and after a few days was transferred out of that as one day when I was making pork scrunchens, rendering out salt pork strips, I put too much in the pan and when the ship rolled the pan flowed over. The fat caught fire and went down between the galley end and the stove. We got it out O.K., but my galley days were over. (The galley was a box bolted on deck, roughly 6 ft x 10 ft. x 8 ft.)

The first two days were foggy and cold, as it was late February. Crossing the Transatlantic steamer lane, we only saw two big liners. (They say one could walk across the Atlantic following the trail of ashes on the ocean bottom dumped

by the old coal burners—no oil fuel then, 1907). The third day the weather got warm and fine; we were in the Gulf Stream (a river in the ocean—you can clearly see the dividing line for miles on a calm day, green for the Atlantic water and blue for the stream; also, the temperature is much higher).

You must admire the old captains. All they had was a chart, compass and sextant to shoot the sun. No radio, time signals, radar or weather forecasts.

The work on deck was varied. Wash paintwork with "soogie-moogie," a solution of caustic soda which cleaned paintwork, likewise the skin off your hands as it was applied with a piece of rag; scrape and varnish woodwork and paint. (Here is a tip for white paint users: add a dash of blue paint and a drop of varnish to the white; the blue brings out the white and the varnish gives a shine). When the land was well astern the anchors were unshackled and taken aboard and lashed down. The hawser holes were plugged and the chains put down in the chain locker amidships, not to be shackled up until land was expected. Porpoises started to play in front of the bows, criscrossing in front of the cutwater. I never saw one struck yet. Shoals of beautiful, graceful flying fish would fly out of a wave, chased by porpoises. They would glide for hundreds of feet until their wings dried, so it is said, and plop back into the water—a beautiful and graceful sight.

We sailed through the Saragossa Sea in which were acres and acres of yellow weed, for all the world

## **TRASK** **FOUNDRY**

362 & 462 WATER ST. WEST  
ST. JOHN'S  
DIAL 3815-7333

like a huge meadow all afloat. We dipped up some of the weed in a bucket and found it teeming with small marine life. I had to learn to "box the compass" and take the wheel. One day, whilst at the wheel, I got drowsy and as the wind came in faint puffs the ship, without notice, wore round so that the next puff came from ahead and all the sails came aback—almost shook the masts and yards out of her. The old man (captain) was having a nap on the cabin skylight and he rolled off on to the deck and almost broke his back. Did I get the blast and how. It took almost a half hour to wear her round with jibs and staysails to get the wind astern again.

We were hove to in the Gulf Stream for two days. "Hove to" means the sails are so set that the ship with the wheel lashed (no one at it) rides the seas in safety. The seas were tremendous. Our ship used to ride up and down them like a duck. To illustrate how steep they were, I was sitting on the cabin skylight, about three feet high. The ship's nose pointed downward so steeply I slid off forward onto my back. No water came aboard, only spindrift or spray. One minute the jibboom was pointed at the sky, next it pointed downward to the bottom of those tremendous valleys laced with foam.

Although we wore dungaree pants and singlet, the heat was terrific. All metal and woodwork was so hot, it would burn your hand if you touched it. I enjoyed the beautiful Tropic night skies. The stars were like diamonds. As

we proceeded south the North Star gradually sank and as it disappeared we rose the Southern Cross, a brilliant set of stars roughly in the shape of a cross, which increased in brilliancy each night as it rose in the heavens. The moon also seemed brighter and larger. When off duty I used to love to climb to the top gallant yard and sit on it strumming my feet against the rock hand, bellying sail with one arm around the mast for safety. The ship below seemed like a narrow board. I also used to like to sit astride the tip of the jibboom and watch the ship chase you and never catch you. One moment the bows would be buried in foam and the next minute the ship would tilt up showing the man at the wheel below you.

In the steady winds of the Trades we would average 10 to 12 knots; not bad for a "windbag." Perhaps our readers would be interested in knowing how we estimated our speed. On a wooden reel, about three feet long, with two handles a line would be wound. This line, called a log line, had at stated distances bits of colored cloth, leather and other markers. A man stood at the stern with the log held above his head in his two hands. The Captain held his watch or a sand glass. At the end of this line a log of wood, about two feet long, was attached and at a signal a man would cast the log into the sea rush-

**FRESH FISH FOR  
ALL OCCASIONS  
CITY FISH SHOP  
36 Prescott St. Dial 2226  
ST. JOHN'S**



The **GUARDIAN** Publishers  
and Printers are at  
Your Service . . . .

## ***From the Idea to . . . The Finished Product***

---

We specialize in "Package Deals" on Publications of all kinds looking after Advertising, Writing, Photography, Artwork and Layout, with facilities for top quality Printing—**all under one roof.**

We have in our employ experienced **Newfoundland Craftsmen** to help give you the very best in Quality and Service—some of whom have learned their trade abroad.

And we're justly proud of the work we are turning out in this All-Newfoundland **GUARDIAN** Plant.

For your specialized printing and publishing needs  
WRITE, PHONE, or WIRE

---

## ***Guardian Limited***

"Creative Printers" and Publishers of "Atlantic Guardian"

96 WATER STREET ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

DIAL 4538 OR 7654

ing past. Then, at a set time, usually a minute, the Captain would cry "Stop." The line would be hauled aboard and the distance run out on the line would be indicated by the marker over the rail when "Stop" was called. To get soundings we used a two-foot length of lead with a hollow in the bottom into which tallow or solid grease was put. The man who cast stood by the after rail. Meantime, the lead had been passed ahead outside the rail. At a command the man would let the lead drop and when it came abreast or "up and down" opposite the man on the afterpart, it was hauled up and the tallow inspected for sample of bottom, sand, blue or gray small shells, etc. By comparison with the chart it would roughly tell us where we were. This was used in foggy weather, making a land fall. Passing through the "Dolrums," a belt of calm, before you meet the Trade winds; it took us three days to ghost through this belt. Often we wished we had an engine as it was hot and tedious, wind in puffs, torrents of rain and sticky, hot, clammy weather with plenty of lightning.

At this period I had to go over-side in a bosun's chair and paint the outside of the ship; also go aloft with the slush pot and grease the masts down, a messy job. I had a narrow escape from going overboard. I was up on the topsail yard and the footrope broke. Fortunately, I had a foot either side of the stirrup (a line which connects the footrope to the yard at intervals) and was leaning well over the yard.

We varied our diet with flying fish which we got by putting a lantern on the rail that reflected light on the main-sail. The fish would fly at the light and when they hit the sail and dropped to the deck we would grab them, put them in a bucket of salt water and have them fried for breakfast. Another favorite meal was cracker hash. We put hard biscuit in a brin bag and pounded it with an iron belaying pin. This, mixed with chopped salt meat and fried, was a welcome change from our monotonous and rough grub.

We saw no shipping. The ocean is a vast, lonely place. Each morning we looked around at a great, empty, inverted, watery bowl. On our twenty-third day out, at dawn, we sighted land and all that lovely morning coasted along a beautiful green Tropical coast. This was our destination, Barbados, the outer of the windward islands in the West Indies group. As we opened Carlisle Bay, on which the capital, Bridgetown, is situated, we put up our house flag and the pilot's flag. As we got further in a beautiful four-masted German sailing ship came out of the Bay under full sail—a beautiful sight no longer to be seen—also a big steamer high in the water, her propeller thumping and thrashing. As we had connected up and had our anchors over the bows a few days previous we dropped anchor on quarantine. Our yellow flag flew until the Port Doctor cleared us. The bum-boats with colored occupants, piled high with bananas and tropical fruit, hung off until our yellow flag was hauled down. As our money was

no good to them we swapped clothing and odds and ends for fruit. Here I met a familiar figure to Newfoundland seamen. "Topsy," a colossal negress with a bandanna around her head and a laugh that shook her tremendous body.

Next day, Monday, we hauled into the "Careenage" or walled river mouth and commenced to discharge our cargo of "shooks" or staves and heads of molasses puncheons and fish in 4-quintal casks. We were there a month awaiting molasses and I travelled all over the Island. It is only 20 miles by 14 miles and the most densely populated island in the world—225,000. The natives speak a correct old English, are very respectful and still go in for "Cricket" as an island game.

Perhaps I should describe how they loaded molasses in the old days. (Now it goes in bulk in tankers and the coopers are out of work and distress is rampant). When the hold was cleaned out a layer of empty puncheons was laid side by side with the bungs out. In the hatchway, on a framework, a half puncheon was secured with a hole in the bottom and a hose attached. A full puncheon was brought to the ship's side by a team of mules and placed over the hatchway in line with the empty half puncheon. The bung was knocked out and two holes punched each side of the bung hole and the contents flowed out into the empty

half puncheon and through the hose to the awaiting tier of puncheons in the hold, as layer after layer of puncheons were filled until all was loaded. We also had half puncheons or tierces and barrels to suit the firm's customers. Meanwhile, an interesting scene on deck would be going on. Under an awning made from an old sail rigged from the main boom and on rough boards covering the deck a crew of colored coopers worked on the empty casks that were emptied on their arrival from the mill. A young, half naked negro boy, known as "Poker Boy" rushed around from one to another at the call of "Poker Boy." In one hand which was wrapped in wet brin he carried a piece of red hot iron bar and in the other, a huge lump of resin. He held the resin against the hot iron, letting the liquid flow on to the repaired parts of the puncheon, thus sealing it.

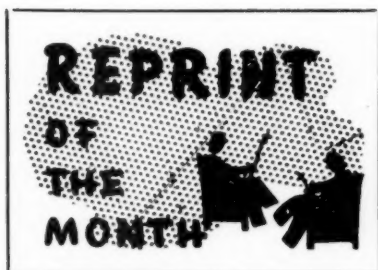
We left when loaded, hoisted our sails at the wharf and sailed out, arriving at St. John's, twenty-one days later. I was brown and tough as nails, 137 pounds, not an ounce of fat on me.

Those were the days!!!

---

P.S.—The bungs were left out as the molasses would "work" or give off gas; if bunged the casks would explode. The first few days we pumped molasses over the side until the working subsided. No one could sleep below; the gas turned the white paint below almost black. I personally slept on the main hatch in the lee of the long boat.

**Subscribe to  
ATLANTIC GUARDIAN**



(Evening Telegram)

**A**S I would be celebrating my 80th birthday August 15, I decided I would spend same with my daughter and son-in-law, Rev. W. E. Stanford, B.A., B.D., at Bonavista, and both Mrs. Shano and I would see for the first time our dear little grandson, Michael, just three months old.

We left here (Sackville, N.B.) August 10 by an all-pullman train for North Sydney, all arrangements being made by that very fine gentleman, the ticket agent Mr. Wallace, and the kind attention of the pullman porters, our colored brothers. They are men born for the work, for only these fine men can cater to passengers as they do.

The train made splendid time to North Sydney, N.S., where I spent years of my happy life as postal official before going out on pension in 1938. We left North Sydney in 1944 for Sackville, N.B., to give Mary, our girl, a chance to get an education. This was done at Mount Alison, where she won great honors, and was given the chance to spend a year at the Royal College of Music in London, England, by the good-hearted Lord Beaverbrook.

NOVEMBER, 1953

## *My Trip to Newfoundland After 15 Years*

After spending the day of August 11 at North Sydney, we took the good ship *Burgeo* for Port-aux-Basques. We arrived at that port 6.00 a.m. August 12, after a very pleasant crossing of the Gulf. It



### **GRAND BANK FISHERIES LTD.**

**VESSEL OWNERS,  
PRODUCERS AND  
EXPORTERS OF  
CODFISH, CODOIL,  
HERRING, SALMON**

### **GRAND BANK NEWFOUNDLAND**

Cable Address—

**"GRANDFISH"**

was, in fact, one of the best for the hundreds of times I crossed since September, 1898, in the old *Bruce*. I met on arrival my old ship-mate, Captain David Brenton. No better sailor ever walked a deck, but, like myself, he is one of the forgotten men. The meeting was one of joy, mixed with a little sadness. I saw in the meantime Rev. Mack Pike, brother of the Hon. Frank Pike. What a change to the days when he was just a boy and would come and see me in the mail car, as far back as 1906. He is now a very

successful Methodist minister in California. He came as far as Corner Brook with us.

I did not know one man or officer on the ship; neither did they know me. What a change to the old days when everyone knew me and I them. It was the same on the train.

Port-aux-Basques will in time be a very wonderful place. The Canadian National Railways is making it look something like a terminus.

All went well until we arrived at Glenwood, when we were told by

## Marine Electrical Service

WE SPECIALIZE IN REPAIRS TO

**LORANS**

**FATHOMETERS**

**DIRECTION FINDERS**

**RADIO TELEPHONES**

AND ALL TYPES OF  
**ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT**

**MOTORS**

**GENERATORS**

**ARMATURE WINDING**

**MARINE WIRING**

**DOMESTIC WIRING**

WE ALSO SUPPLY AND INSTALL

**GAS OR DIESEL ENGINES DRIVING ELECTRIC GENERATORS**

To supply power and light to buildings in suburban communities without the benefit of regular power line facilities.

## Marine Electrical Service

**FRANK J. LILLY, Manager.**

**68 WATER ST. EAST**

**PHONE 7063**

the porters that we had to get out (at 2.00 a.m., mind you!) and take passage to Gander by bus, as the westbound freight was on the track. We would have to drive by bus 30 miles to take passage on the train waiting for us.

To be driven from one's bed at that ungodly hour was no pleasant job. However, being an old railroad man, I was used to it and did not mind. The bus drive was very rough. Three buses in all had to be manned to take the train's passengers.

Arriving at Gander, the job was to locate one's baggage. This was some job in the darkness, when the most attention was given by the porters to the titled gents. I did not come under that class, so I had to pick out my several packages and lug them to the car. My wife had been told to go to another car where our berth was. This was done after I had become more or less spent out after trying to do two men's work. We located the car, the berth, and met some very nice friends, Rev. and Mrs. L. A. D. Curtis, who comforted my wife and myself. Rev. Mr. Curtis and Rev. Dr. Dawe, a very fine Christian gentleman, stowed away our baggage.

All went well when we arrived at Clarendville at 10.00 a.m. on August 14; taking a large Dodge for the run to Bonavista. It sure took good steady nerves, too, for the driver, called Clarence by us all. The very beautiful country, mountains and valleys, just made all wonder at the great works of God. What forests of spruce and fir! It was beautiful beyond words.

We arrived at Bonavista and at the Parsonage at 4.00 p.m. as hungry as wolves.

Bonavista is a lovely place, with grand simple folk with hearts full of love and kindness. My son-in-law did all he could to make us happy. I visited some of my old friends, such as Hon. Gordon Bradley, who sure did treat us wonderfully at his table, and we had the use of his car as well. We must have covered some hundreds of miles. His lovely wife and sons were the soul of kindness.

We spent an evening with J. T. Swyers, the good soul. There were beautiful flowers in his garden, where we had coffee and cake. He, too, would not let me walk home to the Parsonage.

I was taken to see the new Masonic Lodge by "brother" Chard. The smile on his face would make a stranger feel at home. The I.O.O.F. boys were all good to me, and gave me some "rounders" to take home. This, with hard bread, will make some dainty meal.

We left Bonavista September 22 for St. John's, and in good time were located at my wife's brother's home, 178 Patrick Street. His wife and mother sure did make our stay enjoyable. I saw my dear friend, R. B. Herder. He sure did treat me well, as his father, the late W. J., would have done.



I saw Gerald Doyle, Tom Hallett, J. M. Devine, G. R. Williams, Fred Perry, Bobby Innis, Alex Stewart, Bert Maunder and George Janes, who was one of the guests at the 84th birthday party of my cousin, Mrs. William LeShano, where five generations were gathered at one time. George gave us an invitation to visit Fort Pepperrell, a very wonderful place.

Mr. Clark, manager of the Royal Bank of Canada at St. John's, spent all Saturday morning taking

both Mrs. Shano and I all over St. John's—to Signal Hill, Torbay, and all over the suburbs where the wonderful new homes are being built.

I should mention a nice visit I had with J. P. Powell at Carbon-ear. I knew him when on survey for the cross-country railway. He is a man of wonderful knowledge. The Udell family, John and Will, must come in for some thanks, for the trip would have been very dull had it not been for those trips to Bay Roberts, Harbor Grace—in fact wherever a car could get.

I am home again now, and I thank God for His great care. I still think of Jim Whitten, Joe Squires, W. J. Woodford, and all the others whom I would have loved to meet. But I must say good luck to you one and all until I am 90, when I hope to duplicate the trip.

ARTHUR SHANO, M.B.E., J.P.  
Sackville, N.B.

## TO AMBITIOUS YOUNG NEWFOUNDLANDERS

### A BUSINESS COURSE

is a valuable training and asset to a person no matter what profession or occupation they may decide to make their life work.

Our standard of Training has been maintained during the war years and is continuing on that high level with improvements and additions where and when possible.



Information  
free on  
request

W.A. STECH, C.A. **HALIFAX.**  
N.S.  
Principal

Telephone 6247 P. O. Box 5015E

**William J. Ryan, M.R.A.I.C.**  
ARCHITECT

203 Water St., E. St. John's

## T. & M. WINTER, LTD.

Wholesale Provisions, St. John's  
NEWFOUNDLAND AGENTS:

Standard Brands, Limited,  
Maple Leaf Milling Co., Ltd.,  
Guardian Assurance Co., Ltd.

**ESTABLISHED IN 1878**





## ***On Board Coast Ships***

You can read in *Lloyd's Register of Shipping* that the *Northern Ranger* is a steel screw steamer of 1365 tons, length 220 feet, 36 feet breadth, 19.75' depth, is teak-sheathed 26 inches on the main deck, owned by the Canadian National System and registered in St. John's, Newfoundland; that she was built in Paisley, Scotland, in 1936, and that she is now engaged in the carriage of mail and passengers between St. John's on the southeast end of Newfoundland and Corner Brook on the west coast, calling at 50 ports and covering 934 miles on a one-way passage.

She carries a crew of 39, consisting of the captain, 3 mates, 2 engineers, stewards, a stewardess and seamen. She can carry 740 tons of cargo and 141 passengers. She has a post office, carries a radio operator.

But as everyone who has made a sea voyage anywhere knows, facts tell you very little about a ship. The *Northern Ranger* is special. Her visits, beginning about June 1st and ending with the close (by ice) of navigation for the winter, are the only link between her fifty ports of call. She is the last ship north with her mate on a similar run, the *Springdale*. After her last trip, the lighthouses of northern Newfoundland and Labrador are put out and the coast is black until the ice goes out next year.

The *Northern Ranger* is a steady ship in a sea and a good ship in ice—if ice there must be; no one

wants dirty weather of any kind—  
ice, wind or fog.

On a late-August trip, the *Northern Ranger* may carry many Newfoundland passengers, for a holiday or on business, all the way around or part; an agent of the Department of Transport, a field worker for the Co-operative Society; a couple of Canadian newspapermen doing a story on the outposts of Newfoundland; school teachers going to work; a geologist who has been doing a survey for the Newfoundland Government; a Grenfell Mission summer worker or two; a couple of tourists from the States—the kind who like a comparatively small ship, like people, and always “fit in.”

With the *Northern Ranger* you can be both coming and going at

**Bank**  
*at*  
**The Canadian Bank  
of Commerce**

once—coming from St. John's, going to Corner Brook, or vice versa. At times you are not sure which way you are going, despite reference to the big map a passenger has thumb-tacked to the wall of the Music Room. Longest single run is that of fifty miles, across the dreaded Straits of Belle Isle. In August, though almost anything can always happen in those straits, you are assured by the cheery old hands that it is too early in the season for a real blow, and the thermometer shows around 50°F. although it may feel like 32°. There is one great iceberg in the distance, a few "growlers" still along the shore, and as you stare at the dark cliffs, still showing small patches of last winter's snow, you perhaps think, "How do people live on Labrador?" But when the *Ranger* swings along gently over a calm blue sea and your nose sunburns, and at Raleigh or Cook's Harbor, Red Bay or Cape St. Charles, motor boats come alongside to receive their mail order freight and put bottled berries or fish on board for wholesale in St. John's and you see the cheerful faces of the homeward-bound visitors who descend the ship's stair to sit among the cartons, the bundle of new shovels, or on top of a bicycle, you know that life down north can't be too grim.

A rubber boot slips and a fisherman almost goes overside: "Where's your sea legs this mornin', b'y?" he is kidded. A child cries at being picked up: "I want to do it *myself*, daddy." "There is the tough, independent, down-north fisherman in the making," you think. The men and boys,

and the girls, too, run along the gunwales, leap from boat to boat, sunburned hair flying as they balance themselves, but they never seem to fall in, and you marvel how they do it.

A nor'east blow may cause a night's lay-over. Then the card game inevitable on almost any ship is increased to two officers with two or three passengers, and as spectators, perhaps an Air Force flier returning to duty after a leave at home in Newfoundland, and a couple of small boys wishing themselves old enough to play into the small hours. Being at anchor, it is not necessary to use the stout chains which dangle from the lounge arm-chairs and hook them to the floor to keep them from flying through the air in a real breeze.

As on every ship, food is an item which engrosses at least some of the passengers at least three times a day. If you are hungry on the *Northern Ranger*, it's your own fault. Mornings, you can have tomato juice, porridge, fish 'n' brewis or fried bologna or bacon and eggs—really rib-sticking foods. That's enough to give you an idea. Dinners and night meal are similar for size and heartiness. Sometimes for dessert there is the particularly delicious "plain pudding" with hot molasses sauce.

After you have taken the *Ranger*, the friendly feeling from it can stay with you a long time, particularly if some one of the people of the Coast speeds you with a parting, "Good luck to you; see you bye and bye, I s'pose."—Shirley S. Smith in *Among the Deep Sea Fishers*.

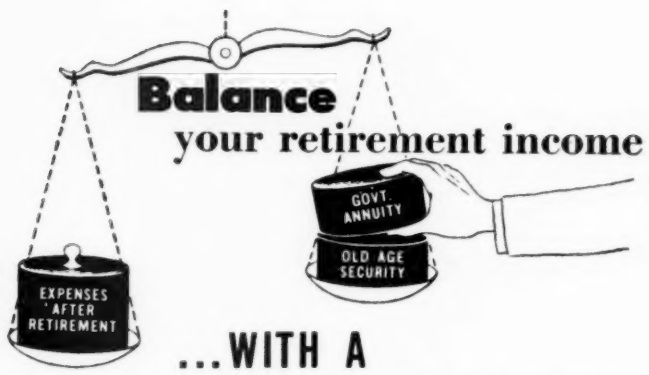
Do Your Christmas  
Shopping at Ayre's,  
In person or by mail



*No matter where you live in Newfoundland, your orders sent to Ayre's in St. John's will be handled by experienced personnel and filled to your complete satisfaction. Stocks at Ayre's are large and varied and prices are consistent with reliable merchandise.*

**Ayre & Sons**  
LIMITED  
ST. JOHN'S,  
NEWFOUNDLAND.

University Microfilms,  
313 N. First St.,  
Ann Arbor, Michigan.



## ...WITH A GOVERNMENT ANNUITY

You can obtain a higher retirement income for life—at lower cost—by incorporating a Government Annuity with Old Age Security. Ask for details of this Level Retirement Income Plan.



FEDERAL DEPARTMENT  
OF LABOUR

You can purchase Government Annuities outright, or in monthly instalments.

Payable immediately, or at a designated age.

Won't lapse, even if you miss a payment.

No medical examination required.



**Assure TOMORROW'S Income TODAY!**

**MAIL COUPON (POSTAGE FREE) TODAY!**

Mail to: The Director, Canadian Government Annuities  
Department of Labour, Ottawa (Postage Free) AG1

Please send me information showing how a Canadian Government Annuity can bring me retirement income at low cost.

My name is \_\_\_\_\_  
(Mr./Mrs./Miss)

I live at \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_

Age when Annuity to start \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

*I understand that information given will be held confidential*